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STOOOOOOOOOOONE

Abolition is not absence, it is presence. What the world will become already exists in fragments and pieces, experiments and possibilities. So those who feel in their gut deep anxiety that abolition means knock it all down, scorch the earth and start something new, let that go. Abolition is building the future from the present, in all of the ways we can.

- Dr. Ruth Wilson Gilmore

the silence of a world without writing utensils and something to write on qays wrote 7afar

in stone

What are we gonna do with our hands together. I don't know. I am asking the question. I am not here making a space for the question to be answered. Consider a People's Movement Assembly, the way of organizing (USSF 2010) or with the Jemez Principles of Democratic Organizing (as Rami swiftly recommended).

I am looking for answers too. And I am looking to disappear. To hide away for some time. To be occulted. Covered by a celestial body. To choose a kind of presence.

we have such abundance we write clunkily looking for language to name the thing [in the language weaponized] [against us] that we are [being] and have been being and are losing

as we speak write

and we transform

(as love does) the being thing of being and keeping going

and joy

in absolute silence

qays wrote in walls for layla

wrote in walls in stone

The problem of metaphor.

OCCULTATION IN COMMUNICATION.

and in our sadness in the loss and the absence of action [of heart-hand] (of praxis) we silent

Even more, oh yes one can remain silent even more.

- Forough Farrokhzad

ce and stay qui et qwaii et hwhy, it i- i2 ç

The occultation. I've been thinking. Someone once tasked me to create an epistemology. I was surprised that she wanted to pay me. I was writing / thinking toward existence. I was looking for work to make money. Anyways, money. Work. What to do. Money to work. Money to exist. Episteme. Knowledge. Through reason. Something covering something. The coming readers' existence and non. Occultation or transit or annihilation or nonexistence. People have written about this. Moten's ante. Kant's noumenon. Shi'ism's absent messiah. Darwish's present absent. The glitch. The line break. Celan's deepinsnow / ee—i—o. Sappho. Cassandra. The silent march of the Zapatistas. The blank pages at the Beijing protest. Indigenous refusals to translate. Echo's silence. And so on.

I am working out an idea. In every class I've taken in which an essay or hybrid form is prompted, I've been reminded that the term essay means to try, to attempt in French.

I told myself I must write about silence. This is then a time to consider occultation.

"stellar occultation—an object passing in front of a distant star—" (Williams College)

"when the light from a star is blocked by an intervening body (such as a planet, moon, ring, or asteroid) from reaching an observer." (MIT)

in mourning we summon ash and lament

Not all writing is unsilent.

Some covers a truth and leaves the reveal for the other.

A 2021 study published by the NIH follows up on Milgram's study of individual choice and agency under states of coercion and authority. "Reliably", the study showed that more activity in medial frontal processes were associated with a greater sense of accountability under coercion. And those who "under free choice" administered more shocks had reduced medial frontal brain activity.

So many sounds — only the sound of the flute is absent from this sound-filled land of terror. - Taslima Nasrin

In the movie, Habibi Rasak Kharban, Qays was in Palestine. He loved and wrote his love in stone and was called majnoon. They took his beloved away. He lived in etched quiet.



better: rent it from habibthefilm.com , pay artists (Susan Youssef, SY Films, 2011) Watch it on Netflix rn, look up "Habibi"

Any opportunity I get I write (or think) about Etel Adnan. On how many obsessions do we remain silent?

How many of our obsessions are people? What do we do with people when we obsess about them? What does obsession do to the object of the obsession? What if the object objects? Does obsession care?

Etel writes in her essay, "The Cost for Love We Are Not Willing to Pay":

"But what if we do not take those risks, if we're determined to maintain the present state of affairs, playing it (only apparently) safe?"

From time to time, there occurs what suspends time, revelation — at least for certain people, martyrs. But then the apocalypse, revelation, is withdrawn, occulted by the “apocalypse,” the supplanting disaster, so that symptomatically *apocalypse’s* primary sense (from Greek *apokalypsis*, from *apokalyptein* to uncover, from apo- + *kalyptein* to cover) is occulted by its secondary meaning, and *martyr’s* primary sense, witness, is occulted by its secondary, vulgar meaning: “a person who suffers greatly or is killed because of their political or religious beliefs.”

- Jalal Toufic. Resurrecting the Arab Apocalypse STOP [THE WORLD] (introduction to Erel Adam’s The Arab Apocalypse, Post-Apollo Press, 1981.)

- Harmony Holiday

I should write about where I’m

There are urgencies too, I know

I find people are silent about the closest to their bones, that is, if particular bones.

I like to take away my own right else takes them away from me.

I will quiet myself instead.

I should be be out now dancing

How many true univ
I write until I disagre

I want to unwrite all of these

I want to erase all of this and tell you

Shalhoub-Kevorkian, Nadera. (2019). *Incarcerated Childhood and the Politics of Unchilding*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Shalhoub-Kevorkian, Nadera. (2020). *Necropenology: conquering new bodies, psychics, and territories of death in East Jerusalem*, *Identities*, 27:3, 285-301.

Weheliye Alexander G. *Habeas Viscus: Racializing Assemblages Biopolitics and Black Feminist Theories of the Human*. Duke University Press 2014

Yet unpublished, seeking permission of the author. [redacted]

Yet unpublished, seeking permission of the author. [redacted]

Occultation as a recognition of the dynamic between the occulter, the occulted, the occultation, the function of the occultation, the loss of the occultation, what the occulter gains, if there is something to be gained, in the existential zero sum of it all.

OCCULTATION	AS	SEMiotics
OCCULTATION [A FRAMEWORK]	AS	[REFUSING] DISPOSABILITY [DISAPPEARANCE]

bodies in transit awaiting revelation marchers towards the asymptote of justice

a celestial body will [shift] into sight or it stays occulted or implodes explodes fissures astrophysically combusts in the state of occultation.

What star is not out

in the sky tonight

I am forced to be silent :: I choose quiet

OMISSION

AS

AGENCY

There’s so much to say about silence and so much left wanting, needing leaving every conversation incomplete. Though is it an asymptote—silence—quiet—Is soundlessness ever possible in a world made from a vibration? Is there anything such as the clearing?

That’s what Levon my friend and I came to see: looking at fascist futurisms so much white space with no overgrown greenery reclaiming the earth with something gestural of/around “rightful” “own”/er/ing/ship/positionality toward life

Israel is killing.
Life.
Not the silence around it.
The State in order to hide the crime, genocidal logics
The presumptions that live in the silence s.

These are also American technologies.
Jerusalem made into a surveillance technology showroom.
The West overkilled¹ in order to exist.
Violence an ontology.

They have dead bodies in refrigerators.

They , [if ever through a shrinking window of legislation to eke basic minor dignities

People on their [own] ancestral land must request the frozen bodies of their loved ones

to bury in a funeral that lasts for less than an hour in [darkness] of night to bury

a , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , not all the slain have burials. Some are in freezers right now.

Unchilding

Necropenology

Enfleshment

[redacted]¹



[the martyr] الشخص الشهيد

OCCULTATION
PRESUME THE BODY DOESN’T EXIST
SOMETIMES THE BODY IS IN TRANSIT
YOUR CELESTIAL BODY
THEIR CELESTIAL BODIES

there. quiet. unknown.
unquiet. unknown.

and to whom it belongs

who deserves to be alive and live

in dignity

which is

that appease the worker at the

hedge of survival Etel said

enough to ward off in a zoom

revolution, “dignity which is freedom”

This is not my truth to tell. It is a conjecture, an attempt [an essay.]

Whose dignity do we assume

Whose dignity do we abnegate

Whose dignities exist

most fervently most true-ly most shrillingly

in the silences

The technologies accelerate
What are we going to do

Where complete silence can be frigid and mortified, quiet resurrects and builds on murmur, gasp, brush, innuendo: intentional incompleteness that holds space for accompaniment but does not require it. Silence is severe; quiet is casual, sometimes a little timid, warm, inviting, it fidgets and teases disruption. Quiet feels stolen and temporary where silence is totalizing.

- Harmony Holiday
on Finding Quietness in a Loud World